

SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY PAPERS.

Vol. III.

Richmond, Va., February, 1877.

No. 2.

General R. H. Anderson's Report of the Battle of Gettysburg.

[Carrying out our purpose of giving preference in our publications to original MSS. reports, which have never been published, we have the pleasure of adding to the reports of the battle of Gettysburg, which we have already published, that of General R. H. Anderson, who commanded a division in Hill's corps.]

HEADQUARTERS ANDERSON'S DIVISION,
THIRD ARMY CORPS,
Orange Courthouse, Va., August 7th, 1863.

Major—I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of my division from its departure from Fredericksburg to its return to Culpeper Courthouse, Virginia, during the months of June and July, 1863:

Pursuant to instructions received from Lieutenant-General A. P. Hill, commanding the Third Army corps, my command, composed of Wilcox's, Mahone's, Wright's, Perry's and Posey's brigades, and Lane's battalion of artillery, moved on the afternoon of the 14th of June from the position which it had been occupying in line of battle near Fredericksburg for ten days previously, and followed the march of the First and Second corps towards Culpeper Courthouse. The night of the fourteenth it lay near Chancellorsville. On the fifteenth it moved to within four miles of Stevensburg, having been detained two hours at the Rapidan, clearing away obstructions from the road approaching the ford.

On the sixteenth it arrived at Culpeper Courthouse. On the seventeenth it moved to Hazel river, forded it and encamped on its left bank. On the eighteenth to Flint Hill, and on the nineteenth to Front Royal, at which place it halted early in the day and encamped, in obedience to the directions of the Lieutenant-General commanding. At four o'clock in the afternoon orders were received to resume the march, and during that night the troops and part of the wagon train crossed the two branches of

the Shenandoah—rain and darkness preventing the greater part of the wagons from crossing until the following morning. As soon as all the wagons had crossed on the morning of the twentieth, the march was continued, and in the afternoon the command halted two miles beyond White Post. Moved on the twenty-first to Berryville, on the twenty-second to Roper's farm, on the road to Charles-town, and on the twenty-third to Shepherdstown.

On the twenty-fourth it crossed the Potomac, and moved to Boonsboro', on the twenty-fifth to Hagerstown, on the twenty-sixth two miles beyond Greencastle, and on the twenty-seventh through Chambersburg to Fayetteville, at which place it halted until the first of July.

Soon after daylight on the first of July, in accordance with the commands of the Lieutenant-General, the division moved from Fayetteville in the direction of Cashtown—arrived at the latter place early in the afternoon, and halted for further orders.

Shortly before our arrival at Cashtown, the sound of brisk cannonading near Gettysburg announced an engagement in our front. After waiting about an hour at Cashtown, orders were received from General Hill to move forward to Gettysburg. Upon approaching Gettysburg, I was directed to occupy the position in line of battle which had just been vacated by Pender's division, and to place one brigade and a battery of artillery a mile or more on the right of the line, in a direction at right angles with it and facing to the right. Wilcox's brigade and Captain Ross' battery of Lane's battalion were posted in the detached position, whilst the other brigades occupied the ground from which Pender's division had just been moved. We continued in this position until the morning of the second, when I received orders to take up a new line of battle, on the right of Pender's division, about a mile and a half farther forward.

Lane's battalion of artillery was detached from my command this morning and did not rejoin it.

In taking the new position, the Tenth Alabama regiment, Wilcox's brigade, had a sharp skirmish with a body of the enemy, who had occupied a wooded hill on the extreme right of my line. The enemy was soon driven from the wood, and the line of battle was formed with the brigades in the following order: Wilcox's, Perry's (commanded by Colonel David Lang), Wright's, Posey's and Mahone's.

The enemy's line was plainly in view, about twelve hundred

yards in our front, extending along an opposite ridge somewhat more elevated than that which we occupied, the intervening ground being slightly undulating, enclosed by rail and plank fences and under cultivation.

Our skirmishers soon became engaged with those of the enemy, and kept up an irregular fire upon one another. Shortly after the line had been formed, I received notice that Lieutenant-General Longstreet would occupy the ground on the right—that his line would be in a direction nearly at right angles with mine—that he would assault the extreme left of the enemy and drive him towards Gettysburg, and I was at the same time ordered to put the troops of my division into action by brigades, as soon as those of General Longstreet's corps had progressed so far in their assault as to be connected with my right flank. About two o'clock in the afternoon the engagement between the artillery of the enemy and that of the First Army corps commenced, and was soon followed by furious and sustained musketry, but it was not until half-past five o'clock in the evening that McLaw's division (by which the movement of my division was to be regulated) had advanced so far as to call for the movement of my troops.

The advance of McLaw's division was immediately followed in the manner directed by the brigades of mine.

Never did troops go into action with greater spirit or more determined courage. The ground afforded them but little shelter, and for nearly three-quarters of a mile they were compelled to face a storm of shot and shell and bullets, but there was no hesitation nor faltering. They drove the enemy from his first line and possessed themselves of the ridge and of much of the artillery with which it had been crowned, but the situation discovered the enemy in possession of a second line, with artillery bearing upon both our front and flanks. From this position he poured a destructive fire of grape upon our troops—strong reinforcements pressed upon our right flank, which had become detached from McLaw's left, and the ridge was untenable. The brigades were compelled to retire. They fell back in the same succession in which they had advanced—Wilcox's, Perry's, Wright's and Posey's. They regained their position in the line of battle. The enemy did not follow. Pickets were again thrown to the front, and the troops lay upon their arms.

In Wilcox's, Perry's and Wright's brigades the loss was very heavy.

On the third of July nothing of consequence occurred along that

portion of the line occupied by my division until the afternoon, when at half-past three o'clock a great number of pieces of our artillery, massed against the enemy's centre, opened upon it and were replied to with equal force and fury.

After about an hour's continuance of this conflict, the enemy's fire seemed to subside, and troops of General Longstreet's corps were advanced to the assault of the enemy's centre. I received orders to hold my division in readiness to move up in support if it should become necessary. The same success at first and the same repulse attended this assault as that made by my division on the preceding evening. The troops advanced gallantly, under a galling and destructive storm of missles of every description, gained the first ridge, were unable to hold it, gave way and fell back—their support giving way at the same time.

Wilcox's and Perry's brigades had been moved forward so as to be in position to render assistance or to take advantage of any success gained by the assaulting column, and at what I supposed to be the proper time, I was about to move forward Wright's and Posey's brigades, when General Longstreet directed me to stop the movement, adding that it was useless and would only involve unnecessary loss, the assault having failed.

I then caused the troops to resume their places in line, to afford a rallying point to those retiring, and to oppose the enemy should he follow our retreating forces. No attempt at pursuit was made, and our troops resumed their line of battle.

Some loss was sustained by each of the brigades of the division from the cannonading—Wilcox's, which was supporting Alexander's artillery, suffering the most seriously.

There was nothing done on the fourth of July. Late in the evening I received orders to draw off the division as soon as it became dark, and take the road towards Fairfield. On the fifth I was directed to hold the gap in the mountains between Fairfield and Waynesborough. In the evening I moved to a place called Frogtown, at the base of the mountain.

At six o'clock P. M. on the sixth moved towards Hagerstown—halted on the morning of the seventh about two miles from the town, and remained in camp until the tenth of July.

On the afternoon of the tenth moved about three miles beyond Hagerstown, in the direction of Williamsport, and on the morning of the eleventh moved two miles and took a position in line of battle with the right resting on the Boonsboro' and Williamsport

turnpike—the general direction of the line being at right angles to that road.

The enemy was in view on the hills in our front—skirmishers were advanced at once, and the troops were diligently employed in strengthening the position.

We lay in this line until the night of the thirteenth, when we marched just after dark towards the Potomac, which we crossed the following day (the fourteenth) at Falling Waters. On the fifteenth moved to Bunker Hill, at which place we remained until the twenty-first, when the march was resumed, and the division encamped on that night two miles south of Winchester.

On the twenty-second crossed the Shenandoah and halted for the night at Front Royal. On the twenty-third the division marched at daylight—Wright's brigade, under command of Colonel Walker, being detached to relieve a brigade of the First corps on duty at Manassas Gap.

This brigade had a very sharp encounter with a greatly superior force of the enemy at Manassas Gap, and behaved with its accustomed gallantry.

Colonel Walker was severely but not dangerously wounded in the beginning of the fight, when the command devolved upon Captain McCurry, who, being incapacitated by ill health and feebleness, subsequently relinquished it to Captain Andrews.

The division encamped on the night of the twenty-third at Flint Hill. On the twenty-fourth, whilst pursuing the march, and when near Thornton river, some skirmishing occurred between the leading division (Heth's) and the enemy. Mahone's brigade relieved Walker's (Heth's division), which had been posted to support the artillery and cover the road, and continued in that position until the rear of the corps had passed, when he followed and rejoined the division on the south of Hazel river. On the twenty-fifth of July the command arrived at Culpeper Courthouse.

The total loss sustained by the division in the battle of Gettysburg, the fight at Manassas Gap and in minor affairs, is two thousand two hundred and sixty-six.

The reports of the commanders of brigades, including Captain Andrews' report of the fight at Manassas Gap, are herewith submitted. The members of my staff, Majors T. S. Mills and R. P. Duncan, Assistant Adjutant and Inspector-General, Lieutenants Wm. McWillie and S. D. Shannon, Aides-de-Camp, and Messrs. R. D. Spann and J. G. Spann, volunteer Aides-de-Camp, by their active

and zealous attention to their duties, rendered valuable service at all times and upon all occasions. The conduct of the troops under my command was in the highest degree praiseworthy and commendable throughout the campaign. Obedient to the orders of the Commanding General they refrained from taking into their own hands retaliation upon the enemy for the inhuman wrongs and outrages inflicted upon them in the wanton destruction of their property and homes. Peaceable inhabitants suffered no molestation. In a land of plenty they often suffered hunger and want. One-fourth of their number marched ragged and barefooted through towns in which it was well ascertained that the merchants had concealed supplies of clothing. In battle they lacked none of that courage and spirit which has ever distinguished the soldiers of the Army of Northern Virginia; and if complete success did not attend their efforts, their failure cannot be laid upon their shortcoming, but must be recognized and accepted as the will and decree of the Almighty Disposer of human affairs.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. H. ANDERSON,
Major-General Commanding Division.

*Major W. H. PALMER, Assistant Adjutant and Inspector-General
and Chief of Staff Third Army Corps.*

Diary of Captain Robert E. Park, Twelfth Alabama Regiment.

[Continued from January No.]

February 10th, 11th and 12th, 1865—There is a tent of sutler's supplies near the mess hall, kept by an avaricious Yankee, named Emery, who is believed to be a partner of General Schoeff. Tobacco, matches, oil for cooking lamps, stationery, baker's bread, pies, cakes, apples, onions, etc., all of very poor quality, are kept for sale, and from 500 per cent. to 1,000 per cent. profit is charged. Emery's position is a paying, if not a very dignified one. Jolly Sam Brewer, the clever Twelfth Alabama sutler, would have rejoiced at a quarter of Emery's huge profits. There is very often an eager, clamorous throng crowded around his tent, checks in hand, and held aloft, eager to buy the inferior articles, sold at prices so far above their value. Emery and his clerks are vulgar, impertinent, grasping Yankees, and elegant Southern gentlemen are frequently compelled to submit to disagreeable familiarities from these ill bred men. The extortioners are openly denounced and unsparingly criticised and ridiculed by the impatient, hungry and poverty-stricken Rebels, as they anxiously await their time to be served. The enormous prices for very poor articles on sale are very candidly and freely complained of and objected to by the needy customers. But while they grumble, stern necessity forces them to buy. In clear weather the prisoners promenade in the open area and exercise by running, jumping, pitching quoits, etc.

February 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th—The privy is on the beach, where the tide comes in, 150 feet or more distant from the nearest division. It is open and exposed in front, and is in sight of Delaware city. The seats are very filthy, and cannot be occupied without being defiled. The sea water proves no disinfectant, and the constant frequenters of the place are sickened by the offensive odors which are wafted to their sensitive olfactories. Diarrhea and dysentery are so prevalent, and the pen is so crowded, that parties are very often compelled to wait an hour or longer before they can be relieved. The floor and seats are too filthy and nauseating for description; yet very many who suffer from the diseases mentioned visit the foul place dozens of times, day and night, in rain, wind, hail, sleet and snow, and in spite of the most intense cold and blackest, most impenetrable darkness, pollution is scarcely avoidable on such occasions.

February 17th, 18th and 19th—Plenty of “grape,” *i. e.*, rumors afloat of a speedy general exchange. I have written home by my old college-mate, Capt. Zeke Crocker, who is on the exchange list. Much of my time is spent writing to my lady friends in the Valley of Virginia and Baltimore, and to relatives South. No letters from home, however, reached me by flag of truce boat, though I know they have been written. The authorities are intentionally negligent about forwarding and delivering our letters from Dixie to us. Have read “Macaria,” by Miss Evans; “The Caxtons,” by Bulwer, and am reviewing arithmetic and algebra. A number of valuable books have been sent us by the ever thoughtful and attentive Baltimore ladies. They will never know how much they have done, in various kindly ways, to ameliorate our unhappy condition and relieve the dull tedium of our monotonous life. God bless the noble women of Baltimore! They are angels of mercy to us. The supply of drinking water has been scarce and insufficient lately, and those who have been too nice to use the filthy ditch water, so unpleasant to sight and smell, for bathing purposes, have been forbidden to use the fresh water in the hogsheads. The drinking water is brought over from Brandywine creek, and is dipped out of the hogsheads by means of tin cups, coffee pots, buckets, etc. It cannot be clean, but is greatly to be preferred to the brackish ditch water. It is to be hoped we will not have a water famine. Many pleasant acquaintances have been formed recently.

February 20th—Mr. Bennett, of Baltimore, sent me one dollar and a supply of paper, envelopes and stamps. Ahl and Wolf are, like many other civilians, “clothed in a little brief authority” over their fellow men, very arrogant and offensive. They seem to delight in harassing and annoying the defenceless victims under their care and control. They evidently regret the prospect of resumption of exchange. When we leave, their occupation as turnkeys will be gone, and the dreaded “front” stares them in the face. Their coward hearts quail at the thought. Wolf gave up watches and Confederate money to most of the prisoners. This is a good indication of approaching exchange. I am satisfied that President Davis and the Confederate Government have been ready for it at any time. No blame is attached to our leaders. Colonel Robert Ould has labored zealously in our behalf. My hopes of release have revived.

February 21st, 22d, 23d and 24th—A movement has been on foot

to stop the gambling and noise after ten o'clock, and many of the leading gamblers have approved the idea. Colonel Wm. J. Clark, Twenty-fourth North Carolina troops, has been elected chief of the division, and made a short speech, announcing that, by vote, it was agreed that all lights should be put out and quiet observed after the usual nine o'clock prayers. My friends Arrington and Browne aided me actively in canvassing in favor of this excellent change. Colonel Clark is an old army officer. Midshipman Howell, a relative of Mr. Davis, is an inmate of 28. Lieutenant E. H. Crawley, Twenty-sixth Georgia; Captain J. H. Field, Eighth Georgia; Lieutenant Q. D. Finley, Eighteenth Mississippi, and Adjutant Alex. S. Webb, of Forty-fourth North Carolina troops, are among the inmates also.

The newspaper accounts of Sherman's march from Georgia through South Carolina are heartrending. An extract from one of them says: "Sherman burnt Columbia on the seventeenth instant. He had burnt six out of seven farm houses on the route of his march. Before he reached Columbia, he had burned Blackville, Graham, Bamburg, Buford's bridge and Lexington, and had not spared the humblest hamlet. After he left Columbia, he gave to the flames the villages of Allston, Pomaria, Winnsboro', Blackstock, Society Hill, and the towns of Camden and Cheraw." Would that the prisoners at Fort Delaware could be exchanged and sent to confront this ruthless, heartless destroyer of the homes and subsistence of helpless women and children. We would teach him a wholesome lesson. The paragraph quoted reminds me of a letter written by General Sheridan. After the battle of Fisher's Hill, he wrote from Strasburg as follows: "Lieutenant J. R. Meigs, my engineer officer, was murdered beyond Harrisburg, near Dayton. For this atrocious act, all the houses within an area of five miles were burned. In moving back to this point, the whole country, from the Blue Ridge to the North Mountain, has been made entirely untenable for a rebel army. I have destroyed over 2,000 barns, filled with wheat, hay and farming implements, over 70 mills, filled with flour and wheat; have driven in front of the army over 4,000 head of stock, and have killed and issued to the troops not less than 3,000 sheep. This destruction embraces the Luray Valley and the Little Fort Valley, as well as the Main Valley." These two vandals fight with the torch better than the sword, and seem to glory in their own infamy. The South Carolina pris-

oners are greatly troubled by the terrible accounts of Sherman's destructive march through their native State.

February 25th and 26th—The terrible reports of Sherman's cruelty during the burning of Columbia, and of his subsequent march into North Carolina, are appalling and disheartening to us all. The Carolinians are specially grieved and indignant. Sherman's whole course in the South is in bold and dishonorable contrast with the gentle and generous conduct of Lee and his veterans in Maryland and Pennsylvania. I well remember that memorable march into the enemy's territory, far more daring and heroic than the unopposed marches of the brutal Sherman through Georgia and Carolina. I was with Lee when he invaded Pennsylvania, and was wounded at Gettysburg, just before our brigade entered the town, July first, 1863. General Lee's famous order, dated June 27th, 1863, at Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, is brought forcibly to my mind. The following immortal words, extracted from that renowned order, ought to be repeated daily in the ears of the inhuman Sherman :

"The Commanding General considers that no greater disgrace could befall the army, and through it our whole people, than the perpetration of the barbarous outrages upon the innocent and defenseless, and the wanton destruction of private property, that have marked the course of the enemy in our own country. Such proceedings not only disgrace the perpetrators and all connected with them, but are subversive of the discipline and efficiency of our army. The yet unsullied reputation of our army, and the duties exacted of us by civilization and Christianity, are not less obligatory in the country of the enemy than in our own. It must be remembered that we make war only upon armed men, and that we cannot take vengeance for the wrongs our people have suffered, without lowering ourselves in the eyes of all whose abhorrence has been excited by the atrocities of our enemy, and offending against Him to whom vengeance belongeth, and without whose favor and support our efforts must all prove in vain. The Commanding General, therefore, earnestly exhorts the troops to abstain, with most scrupulous care, from unnecessary or wanton injury to private property; and he enjoins upon all officers to arrest and bring to summary punishment all who shall, in any way, offend against the orders on this subject.

"R. E. LEE, *General.*"

This Christian and humane effort to mitigate the horrors of war confers greater glory on Lee than all the villages, towns, cities and private residences burnt by Sherman and his cruel followers can ever reflect upon his dishonored name. Many of Lee's soldiers

had suffered great mental anguish and immense pecuniary losses by the cruel devastation and cowardly atrocities of their enemies, but when they, exultant and victorious, invaded the country of their inhuman enemy, they nobly restrained their angry passions and kept pure and bright their unsullied reputations. They heroically resisted the alluring temptation to inflict merited retaliation, and like brave, Christian soldiers and gallant gentlemen, scrupulously obeyed the humane orders of their beloved chieftain. But this sublime lesson of generosity and magnanimity was lost upon the vandal enemy. In base return for Lee's noble, Christian conduct they despoiled and desecrated his own home at Arlington, and the cherished homes of his brave followers in Virginia, Georgia and South Carolina. Sherman's base course, his wicked crimes, have forever stained his name and cause, dishonored his country and disgraced his triumph. The grand, glorious and humane Lee and his chivalrous officers and brave men disdained to retaliate by imitating the cruel deeds of the malignant Sherman, Sheridan and Grant and their hordes of reckless ruffians. We have just reason to be proud of the magnanimous conduct of our peerless leader, while the Yankees must hang their heads in shame at the evil deeds perpetrated by their chosen commanders. In Southern parlance, the terms soldier and gentleman are synonymous, and our officers and men pride themselves upon that "chastity of honor," which, as Edmund Burke expressed it, "feels a stain like a wound."

February 27th—A party of ninety or one hundred officers and a few hundred privates were paroled and left for Richmond. Some of the officers bribed Ahl and Wolf with gold watches and greenbacks to put their names on the paroled list. Influential Northern friends aided others, and a few sold their places and remained behind.

February 28th—One hundred and three officers, of those earliest captured, were paroled to-day for exchange. We are growing hopeful of a speedy return to our homes and all are in fine spirits. The despondent are becoming cheerful and happy at the exhilarating prospect of release from durance vile.

March 1st and 2d—Lieutenant Waldman, our division postmaster, surprised and delighted me by handing me the following letter this morning after "letter call":

BALTIMORE, February 22d, 1863.

Captain R. E. PARK:

Dear sir—I have lately learned that you are a prisoner at the Old Capitol, and too delicate to make known your wants. Now let me beg, as a great favor, that you will write me *immediately*, and call on me for whatever you may need. I shall attend promptly and with the *greatest pleasure* to your commands. You don't know how highly we ladies feel ourselves honored to be able to add in any way to your comfort. The longer your list the better I'll be pleased.

Very respectfully,

MISS ELIZA JAMISON,
43 Calvert street, Baltimore, Md.

This charming, elegantly expressed letter had been reforwarded from Washington, and its kind, cordial words gave me unqualified pleasure. The generous writer is one of those earthly angels from that glorious city of angelic women, Baltimore. My astonishment was profound, for I had never heard of Miss Eliza Jamison before, and could not divine how she had heard of me. I promptly and gratefully responded to her highly valued note, telling her candidly that my greatest want was a few greenbacks, adding that a cheerful young lady correspondent, who would help to revive my spirits and drive away unwelcome thoughts of my depressing surroundings, would prove very acceptable.

March 3d to 6th—The parapet between our pen and that of the privates, on which the sentinels walk, had several ladies and gentlemen walking upon it a day or two ago, and they looked kindly and compassionately upon the emaciated, ragged, suffering Rebels in the two pens. One of the ladies carried her handkerchief to her eyes to wipe away the generous tears, as she gazed pityingly upon the abject misery and wretchedness before her. I hear they were Delaware ladies, and that Senator Saulsbury was one of the gentlemen in the party. If these sympathizing people could spend a few hours inside the pens, among the prisoners, and witness the distressing evidences of hunger to be constantly seen there, they would have pitied us with truest pity, and not blamed the darrin, starving men for oft-repeated attempts to escape by swimming, under friendly cover of night, across the bay to the Delaware shore. Hunger seems to have dissipated the pride and self-respect of many of the prisoners. They will perform the most menial services for the most trivial gift or smallest articles of food. When the bunks and floors are swept, pieces of bread crusts and crumbs and stale

scraps of food are sought for and eagerly gathered up by hungry officers, who have no means to purchase from the sutler, and for whom the rations issued are entirely insufficient. It is a painful spectacle to see them snatch the dirty scraps and quickly devour them, or hastily thrust them in their jackets, and stand ready for another grab. A number gather promptly every morning around these piles, and contend for the spoils. Their hunger must be torturing to thus humiliate and degrade themselves in the effort to secure such insufficient and filthy cast away scraps of stale bread. These poor fellows eat rats and mice whenever they can catch them. How miserable their good mothers and loving wives would be if they knew to what wretched straits their imprisoned sons and husbands were reduced. Surely the powerful Government ought to feed these poor, suffering, starving men. In Southern prisons the prisoners are issued the same rations as their guards, both in quantity and quality. How glad we would be if we were fed as our guards are. Many work hard all day, unloading vessels, rolling hogsheads and barrels, etc., and receive an extra ration only as pay. Three crackers ("hard tack," as it is called) and a cup of coffee for breakfast, and a small piece of beef, cup of soup and a third of a loaf of bread for dinner, are now our daily rations. These are for stout and small, sick and well, and are not enough for a hearty well man. Many eat the rations from dire necessity, as the only alternative is to starve. Some men require more food than others, and the small amount given is not enough to satisfy the least hungry. Guttapercha rings, breastpins, fans, buttons and canes are made by ingenious prisoners as a means to raise money. The patterns are numerous, and many are unique and beautiful. A few are set in gold, but most are ornamented with silver, tin or lead, fastened with rivets. These materials are bought at a high price from the sutler and secretly from the guards. The articles are bought by visitors occasionally, and by prisoners as prison relics. I have secured some rings for Sister L. Curiously carved pipes, and tasteful chains and necklaces, all of guttapercha and ivy root, are to be found for sale in most of the divisions. They have very few tools, and work ten or twelve hours sometimes for a mere pittance as a reward. Barbers can be found, too, and hair cut or face shaved for only five cents. Captain H., of the Thirteenth Georgia, is my barber.

Battle of Atchafalaya River—Letter from General Thomas Green.

[The following letter, from one of the most gallant and successful Generals of the Trans-Mississippi Department, gives, with all the freedom of private correspondence, a vivid description of a hotly contested fight. We are anxious to obtain more material from the Trans-Mississippi Department, and are taking steps to secure it.]

HEADQUARTERS FORCES ON ATCHAFAHALAYA,
October 1, 1863.

MY DEAR WIFE:

I am yet in the land of the living, after another brilliant victory near the banks of the Mississippi. I crossed the Atchafalaya during the night of the 28th September, and moved upon the enemy on the 29th in three columns—one column of infantry, 1,400 strong, consisting of Mouton's and Speight's brigades. I moved on a trail through the swamps and took position behind the enemy. My own brigade, dismounted, with Wallen's and Rountree's battalions of cavalry, moved upon the enemy in front. I sent one of Majou's regiments of cavalry upon the left flank of the enemy, crossing the Atchafalaya twenty miles below my position. At about twelve o'clock M. I closed in upon the enemy on all sides. Speight's brigade of 600 men and Major Boon's cavalry of 200 were the only troops closely engaged. The fight was a *very hot* one for a half or three-quarters of an hour. Boon charged the enemy's cavalry and dispersed them. Colonel Harrison of Speight's brigade charged the enemy's infantry in rear during the very heat of the action. Major Boon having dispersed the cavalry of the enemy, I ordered him to go to the assistance of Harrison, and charge the enemy in front, which he did in the most dashing and gallant manner. Nothing could be imagined more terrible on the same scale. Boon dashed through and through the entire encampment of the enemy, sabering* and shooting, and trampling the living, wounded and dead under the feet of his horses. The whole affair was a most brilliant success, and has added another victory to our long list. It has cheered the hearts of our soldiers, and cast a gloom over the enemy. I have five hundred prisoners, many of whom are officers (say thirty or forty), two colonels, and many captains and lieutenants.

* Major Boon, mentioned in the foregoing letter, informs me that the writer erred in this statement, and that the *sabre* was not used in the engagement by the combatants on either side.

Austin, Texas, October 6, 1876.

V. O. KING.

We have again given the enemy a wholesome lesson, and I have so far been exceedingly fortunate as commander, beginning with Val Verde. The last *four* battles fought in Louisiana have been under my command, three of which are splendid victories, and the other one of the most desperate fights on record, for the numbers engaged, and one where there was more *fruiless* courage displayed than any other, perhaps, during the war. We did not achieve this last victory without loss. About thirty of Speight's brigade were killed dead, and sixty or seventy wounded. My own brigade suffered in the death of Lieutenant Spivey and three or four others of my cavalry; but the loss which was greater to me than all the others put together, was the desperate wounding of the best cavalry officer in the army—Major Boon of my brigade. The Major's right arm was torn to atoms, and amputated in the socket of the shoulder. His left hand was also torn up and two-thirds of it amputated, leaving him only his little finger and one next to it, having lost the thumb and two fingers of that hand and over half the hand itself. I am again encamped at my old headquarters, Morgan's ferry, on Atchafalaya. The Yankees are to-day making demonstrations as though they intended to advance upon us; but if they do, it will be after *very* heavy reinforcement, as we gave those now here such a terrible basting day before yesterday that they will not again voluntarily engage us.

There has been a torrent of rain. It poured down all day the day we were fighting, and rained without intermission twenty-four hours after that day. The mud in these swamps is over the tops of our highest boots—in fact, the roads now are next to impassable. I have had a dumb chill to-day—the first one I have had in Louisiana. I fear we will have serious sickness as the winter approaches. There have been very few deaths so far. If I had a little good brandy or whisky, or even (Louisiana lightning) rum, I could break my dumb chill in a minute; but there is nothing of that kind in the wilderness of the Atchafalaya. I will try very hard to get a furlough, unless I find that active operations are again close at hand. Major and Leigh were with me in the fight on the 29th, and are well.

The messenger is waiting for this.

Yours devotedly,

(Signed)

THOMAS GREEN.

**Lieutenant-General S. D. Lee's Report of the Tennessee Campaign,
beginning September 29th, 1864.**

[Pursuing our policy of giving the preference to reports from original MSS., we publish the following from an autograph MS. of the accomplished soldier who prepared it. So far as we are aware, it has never before been published in any form, and it will be, therefore, an important addition to the material of military students, as well as of deep interest to all desiring to see some account of that campaign.]

COLUMBUS, MISSISSIPPI, January 30th, 1865.

Colonel—I have the honor to offer the following as my official report of the operations of my corps during the offensive movement commencing at Palmetto station, Georgia, September 29th, 1864. It is impracticable now, in consequence of the movement of troops and my temporary absence from the army, to obtain detailed reports from my division commanders.

As a corps commander, I regarded the morale of the army greatly impaired after the fall of Atlanta, and in fact before its fall the troops were not by any means in good spirits. It was my observation and belief that the majority of the officers and men were so impressed with the idea of their inability to carry even temporary breastworks, that when orders were given for attack, and there was a probability of encountering works, they regarded it as recklessness in the extreme. Being impressed with these convictions, they did not generally move to the attack with that spirit which nearly always insures success. Whenever the enemy changed his position, temporary works could be improvised in less than two hours, and he could never be caught without them. In making these observations, it is due to many gallant officers and commands to state that there were noticeable exceptions, but the feeling was so general that anything like a general attack was paralyzed by it. The army having constantly yielded to the flank movements of the enemy, which he could make with but little difficulty, by reason of his vastly superior numbers, and having failed in the offensive movements prior to the fall of Atlanta, its efficiency for further retarding the progress of the enemy was much impaired; and, besides, the advantages in the topography of the country south of Atlanta were much more favorable to the enemy for the movements of his superior numbers than the rough and mountainous country already yielded to him. In view of these facts, it was my

opinion that the army should take up the offensive, with the hope that favorable opportunities would be offered for striking the enemy successfully, thus insuring the efficiency of the army for future operations. These opinions were freely expressed to the Commanding General.

My corps crossed the Chattahoochee river on September 29th, and on October 3d took position near Lost mountain, to cover the movement of Stewart's corps, on the railroad, at Big Shanty and Altoona. On October 6th, I left my position near Lost mountain, marching via Dallas and Cedartown, crossing the Coosa river at Coosaville October 10th, and moved on Resaca, partially investing the place by four P. M. on October 12th. The surrender of the place was demanded in a written communication, which was in my possession, signed by General Hood. The commanding officer refused to surrender, as he could have easily escaped from the forts with his forces and crossed the Oustenaula river. I did not deem it prudent to assault the works, which were strong and well manned, believing that our loss would have been severe. The main object of appearing before Resaca being accomplished, and finding that Sherman's main army was moving from the direction of Rome and Adairsville towards Resaca, I withdrew from before the place to Snake Creek gap about midday on the 13th. The enemy made his appearance at the gap on the 14th in large force, and on the 15th it was evident that his force amounted several corps. Several severe skirmishes took place on the 15th, in which Deas' and Brantley's brigades of Johnson's division were principally engaged. This gap was held by my command till the balance of the army had passed through Matex's gap, when I followed with the corps through the latter. The army moved to Gadsden, where my corps arrived on October 21st. At this point clothing was issued to the troops, and the army commenced its march towards Tennessee. My corps reached the vicinity of Leighten, in the Tennessee Valley, October 29th. Stewart's and Cheatham's corps were then in front of Decatur. On the night of the 29th I received orders to cross the Tennessee river at Florence, Alabama. By means of the pontoon boats two brigades of Johnson's division were thrown across the river two and a half miles above south Florence, and Gibson's brigade of Clayton's division was crossed at south Florence. The enemy occupied Florence with about 1,000 cavalry, and had a strong picket at the railroad bridge. The crossing at this point was handsomely executed and with much spirit

by Gibson, under the direction of General Clayton, under cover of several batteries of artillery. The distance across the river was about one thousand yards. The troops landed, and, after forming, charged the enemy and drove him from Florence. The crossing was spirited, and reflected much credit on all engaged in it. Major-General Edward Johnson experienced considerable difficulty in crossing his two brigades, because of the extreme difficulty of managing the boats in the shoals. He moved from the north bank of the river late in the evening with one brigade, Sharp's Mississippi, and encountered the enemy on the Florence and Huntsville road about dark. A spirited affair took place, in which the enemy were defeated with a loss of about forty killed, wounded and prisoners. The enemy retreated during the night to Shoal creek, about nine miles distant. The remainder of Johnson's and Clayton's divisions were crossed on the night of the 30th and on the morning of the 31st. Stevenson's division was crossed on November 2d. My corps remained in Florence till November 20th, when the army commenced moving for Tennessee, my command leading the advance and marching in the direction of Columbia via Henryville and Mount Pleasant. I arrived in front of Columbia on the 26th, relieving Forest's cavalry then in position there, which had followed the enemy from Pulaski.

The force of the enemy occupying Columbia was two corps. They confined themselves to the main works around the city, and their outposts and skirmishers were readily driven in. On the night of the 27th the enemy evacuated Columbia and crossed Duck river. Stevenson's division of my corps entered the town before daylight. After crossing, the enemy took a strong position on the opposite side of the river and entrenched, his skirmishers occupying rifle pits 250 yards from the river. There was considerable skirmishing across the river during the day, and some artillery firing, resulting in nothing of importance.

On the morning of the 29th Johnson's division of my corps was detached and ordered to report to the General Commanding. I was directed to occupy and engage the enemy near Columbia, while the other two corps and Johnson's division would be crossed above and moved to the rear of the enemy in the direction of Spring Hill. The entire force of the enemy was in front of Columbia till about midday on the 29th, when one corps commenced moving off—the other remaining in position as long as they could be seen by us, or till dark. I had several batteries of artillery put

in position, to drive the skirmishers of the enemy from the vicinity of the river bank, and made a display of pontoons—running several of them down to the river, under a heavy artillery and musketry fire. Having succeeded in putting a boat in the river, Pettus' brigade of Stevenson's division was thrown across, under the immediate direction of Major-General Stevenson, and made a most gallant charge on the rifle pits of the enemy, driving a much superior force and capturing the pits. The bridge was at once laid down and the crossing commenced. During the affair around Columbia the gallant and accomplished soldier, Colonel R. F. Beckham, commanding the artillery regiment of my corps, was mortally wounded while industriously and fearlessly directing the artillery firing against the enemy. He was one of the truest and best officers in the service.

The enemy left my front about 2.30 A. M. on the morning of the 30th, and the pursuit was made as rapidly as was prudent in the night time. The advance of Clayton's division arrived at Spring Hill about 9 A. M., when it was discovered that the enemy had made his escape, passing around that portion of the army in that vicinity. My corps, including Johnson's division, followed immediately after Cheatham's corps towards Franklin. I arrived near Franklin about 4 P. M. The Commanding General was just about attacking the enemy with Stewart's and Cheatham's corps, and he directed me to place Johnson's, and afterwards Clayton's, division in position to support the attack. Johnson moved in rear of Cheatham's corps. Finding that the battle was stubborn, General Hood directed me to move forward in person, to communicate with General Cheatham, and, if necessary, to put Johnson's division in the fight. I met General Cheatham about dark, and was informed by him that assistance was needed at once. Johnson was immediately moved forward to the attack, but owing to the darkness and want of information as to the locality, his attack was not felt by the enemy till about one hour after dark. This division moved against the enemy's breastworks under a heavy fire of artillery and musketry, gallantly driving the enemy from portions of his line. The brigades of Sharp and Brantly (Mississippians), and of Deas (Alabamians), particularly, distinguished themselves. Their dead were mostly in the trenches and in the works of the enemy, where they fell in a desperate hand to hand conflict. Sharp captured three stand of colors. Brantly was exposed to a severe enfilade fire. These noble brigades never faltered in this

terrible night struggle. Brigadier-General Manigault, commanding a brigade of Alabamians and South Carolinians, was severely wounded in this engagement, while gallantly leading his troops to the fight; and his two successors in command, Colonel Shaw was killed and Colonel Davis wounded. I have never seen greater evidences of gallantry than was displayed by this division, under command of that admirable and gallant soldier, Major-General Ed. Johnson. The enemy fought gallantly and obstinately at Franklin, and the position he held was for infantry defence one of the best I had ever seen. The enemy evacuated Franklin hastily during the night of the 30th. My corps commenced the pursuit about 1 P. M. on December 1st, and arrived near Nashville about 2 P. M. December 2d. The enemy had occupied the works around the city. My command was the centre of the army in front of Nashville; Cheatham's corps being on my right and Stewart's on my left. Nothing of importance occurred till the 15th. The army was engaged in entrenching and strengthening its position. On the 15th the enemy moved out on our left, and a severe engagement was soon commenced. In my immediate front the enemy still kept up his skirmish line, though it was evident that his main force had moved. My line was much extended, the greater part of my command being in single rank. About 12 M. I was instructed to assist Lieutenant-General Stewart, and I commenced withdrawing troops from my line to send to his support. I sent him Johnson's entire division, each brigade starting as it was disengaged from the works. A short time before sunset the enemy succeeded in turning General Stewart's position, and a part of my line was necessarily changed to conform to his new line. During the night Cheatham's corps was withdrawn from my right and moved to the extreme left of the army. The army then took position about one mile in rear of its original line. My corps being on the extreme right, I was instructed by the Commanding General to cover and hold the Franklin pike. Clayton's division occupied my right, Stevenson's my centre, and Johnson's my left. It was evident soon after daylight that a large force of the enemy was being concentrated in my front on the Franklin pike. About 9 A. M. on the 16th the enemy, having placed a large number of guns in position, opened a terrible artillery fire on my line, principally on the Franklin pike. This lasted about two hours, when the enemy moved to the assault. They came up in several lines of battle.

My men reserved their fire till they were within easy range and then delivered it with terrible effect. The assault was easily repulsed. It was renewed, however, with spirit several times, but only to meet each time with a like result. They approached to within thirty yards of our line, and their loss was very severe. Their last assault was made about 3½ P. M., when they were driven back in great disorder. The assaults were made principally in front of Holtzclaw's Alabama, Gibson's Louisiana and Stovall's Georgia brigades of Clayton's division, and Pettus' Alabama brigade of Stevenson's division, and too much credit cannot be awarded Major-General Clayton and these gallant troops for their conspicuous and soldierly conduct. The enemy made a considerable display of force on my extreme right during the day, evidently with the intention of attempting to turn our right flank. He made, however, but one feeble effort to use this force, when it was readily repulsed by Stovall's Georgia and Brantley's Mississippi brigades, which latter two had been moved to the right. Smith's division of Cheatham's corps reported to me about 2 P. M., to meet any attempt of the enemy to turn our right flank; it was put in position, but was not needed, and, by order of the Commanding General, it started to Brentwood about 3½ P. M. The artillery fire of the enemy during the entire day was heavy, and right nobly did the artillery of my corps, under Lieutenant-Colonel Hoxton, perform their duty. Courtney's battalion, under Captain Douglas, was in Johnson's front, Johnson's battalion was in Stevenson's front, and Eldridge's battalion, under Captain Fenner, was in Clayton's front. The officers and men of the artillery behaved admirably, and too much praise cannot be bestowed upon this efficient arm of the service in the Army of Tennessee. The troops of my entire line were in fine spirits and confident of success (so much so that the men could scarcely be prevented from leaving their trenches to follow the enemy on and near the Franklin pike). But suddenly all eyes were turned to the centre of our line of battle near the Gracey White pike, where it was evident the enemy had made an entrance, although but little firing had been heard in that direction. Our men were flying to the rear in the wildest confusion and the enemy following with enthusiastic cheers. The enemy at once closed towards the gap in our line and commenced charging on the left division—Johnson's—of my corps, but were handsomely driven back. The enemy soon gained our rear and were moving on my left flank when our line gradually gave way. My troops left their

lines in some disorder, but were soon rallied and presented a good front to the enemy. It was a fortunate circumstance that the enemy was too much crippled to pursue us on the Franklin pike. The only pursuit made at that time was by a small force coming from the Gracey White pike. Having been informed by an aide of the General Commanding, that the enemy were near Brentwood, and that it was necessary to get beyond that point at once, everything was hastened to the rear. When Brentwood was passed, the enemy was only half a mile from the Franklin pike, where Chalmer's cavalry was fighting them. Being charged with covering the retreat of the army, I remained in rear with Clayton's and part of Stevenson's divisions, and halted the rear guard about seven miles north of Franklin about 10 P. M. on the 16th. Early on the morning of the 17th our cavalry was driven in in confusion by the enemy, who at once commenced a most vigorous pursuit, his cavalry charging at every opportunity and in the most daring manner. It was apparent that they were determined to make the retreat a rout if possible. Their boldness was soon checked by many of them being killed and captured by Pettus' Alabama and Stovall's Georgia brigades and Bledsoe's battery under Major-General Clayton. Several guidons were captured in one of their charges. I was soon compelled to withdraw rapidly towards Franklin, as the enemy was throwing a force in my rear from both the right and left of the pike on roads coming into the pike near Franklin and five miles in my rear. This force was checked by Brigader-General Gibson, with his brigade and a regiment of Buford's cavalry under Colonel Shacklett. The resistance which the enemy had met with early in the morning, and which materially checked his movements, enabled us to reach Franklin with but little difficulty. Here the enemy appeared in considerable force and exhibited great boldness, but he was repulsed and the crossing of the Harpeth river effected. I found that there was in the town of Franklin a large number of our own and of the enemy's wounded, and not wishing to subject them and the town to the fire of the enemy's artillery, the town was yielded with but little resistance. Some four or five hours were gained by checking the enemy about 1½ miles south of Franklin and by the destruction of the trestle bridge over the Harpeth, which was effected by Captain Coleman, the engineer officer on my staff, and a party of pioneers, under a heavy fire of the enemy's sharpshooters. About 4 P. M., the enemy, having crossed a considerable force, commenced a bold and vigorous attack, charging

with his cavalry on our flanks and pushing forward his lines in the front. A more persistent effort was never made to rout the rear guard of a retiring column. This desperate attack was kept up till long after dark, but gallantly did the rear guard, consisting of Petrus' Alabama and Cummings' Georgia brigades (the latter commanded by Colonel Watkins) of Stevenson's division, and under that gallant and meritorious officer Major-General C. L. Stevenson, repulse every attack. Brigadier-General Chalmers, with his division of cavalry, covered our flanks. The cavalry of the enemy succeeded in getting in Stevenson's rear and attacked Major-General Clayton's division about dark, but they were handsomely repulsed; Gibson's and Stovall's brigades being principally engaged. Some four or five guidons were captured from the enemy during the evening.

About 1 P. M. I was wounded while with the rear guard, but did not relinquish command of my corps till dark. Most of the details in conducting the retreat from that time were arranged and executed by Major-General Stevenson, to whom the army is much indebted for his skill and gallant conduct during the day. I cannot close this report without alluding particularly to the artillery of my corps. On the 16th, sixteen guns were lost on the lines—the greater portion of them were without horses—they having been disabled during the day; many of the carriages were disabled also. The noble gunners, reluctant to leave their guns, fought the enemy in many instances, till they were almost within reach of the guns. Major-General Ed. Johnson was captured on the 16th; being on foot, he was unable to make his escape from the enemy in consequence of an old wound. He held his line as long as it was practicable to do so. The Army of Tennessee has sustained no greater loss than that of this gallant and accomplished soldier. To all my division commanders, Stevenson, Johnson and Clayton, I am indebted for the most valuable services; they were always zealous in the discharge of their duties.

Although it is my desire to do so, I cannot now allude to the many conspicuous acts of gallantry exhibited by general, field and company officers, and by the different commands. It is my intention to do so in future, when detailed reports are received. To the officers of my personal staff and also of the corps staff, I am indebted for valuable services; they were always at their posts and ready to respond to the call of duty.

I have the honor to be, yours respectfully,

S. D. LEE, Lieutenant-General.

Colonel A. P. MASON, A. A. G.

General J. E. B. Stuart's Report of his Cavalry Expedition into Pennsylvania in October, 1862.

[The following report, which we print from an original MS. in General Stuart's own handwriting, does not appear in the Army of Northern Virginia reports, published by the Confederate Congress, and has, we believe, never been in print. Like everything from the great cavalry chieftain, it will attract attention and be read with interest.]

HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY DIVISION,
October 14th, 1862.

Colonel R. H. CHILTON,

A. A. General Army Northern Virginia;

Colonel—I have the honor to report that on the 9th instant, in compliance with instructions from the Commanding General Army of Northern Virginia, I proceeded on an expedition into Pennsylvania with a cavalry force of 1,800 and four pieces of horse artillery, under command of Brigadier-General Hampton and Colonels W. H. F. Lee and Jones. This force rendezvoused at Darksville at 12 M., and marched thence to the vicinity of Hedgesville, where it camped for the night. At daylight next morning (October 10th) I crossed the Potomac at McCoy's (between Williamsport and Hancock) with some little opposition, capturing two or three horses of the enemy's pickets. We were told here by citizens that a large force had camped the night before at Clear Spring, and were supposed to be en route to Cumberland. We proceeded northward until we reached the turnpike leading from Hagerstown to Hancock (known as the National road). Here a signal station on the mountain and most of the party with their flags and apparatus were surprised and captured, and also eight or ten prisoners of war, from whom, as well as from citizens, I found that the large force alluded to had crossed but an hour ahead of me towards Cumberland, and consisted of six regiments of Ohio troops and two batteries, under General Cox, and were en route via Cumberland for the Kanawha. I sent back this intelligence at once to the Commanding General. Striking directly across the National road, I proceeded in the direction of Mercersburg, Pennsylvania, which point was reached about 12 M. I was extremely anxious to reach Hagerstown, where large supplies were stored, but was satisfied from reliable information that the notice the enemy had of my approach, and the proximity of his forces, would enable him to prevent my capturing it. I therefore turned towards Chambersburg.

I did not reach this point until after dark in a rain. I did not deem it safe to defer the attack till morning, nor was it proper to attack a place full of women and children without summoning it first to surrender. I accordingly sent in a flag of truce, and found no military or civil authority in the place, but some prominent citizens who met the officer were notified that the place would be occupied, and if any resistance were made the place would be shelled in three minutes. Brigadier-General Wade Hampton's command, being in advance, took possession of the place, and I appointed him military governor of the city. No incidents occurred during the night, during which it rained continuously. The officials all fled the town on our approach, and no one could be found who would admit that he held office in the place. About 275 sick and wounded in the hospital were paroled. During the day a large number of horses of citizens were seized and brought along. The wires were cut and railroad obstructed, and Colonel Jones' command was sent up the railroad toward Harrisburg to destroy a trestlework a few miles off. He however reported that it was constructed of iron, and he could not destroy it. Next morning it was ascertained that a large number of small arms and munitions of war were stored about the railroad buildings, all of which that could not be easily brought away were destroyed, consisting of about 5,000 new muskets, pistols, sabres and ammunition; also a large assortment of army clothing. The extensive machine shops and depot buildings of the railroad and several trains of loaded cars were entirely destroyed. From Chambersburg, I decided after mature consideration to strike for the vicinity of Leesburg as the best route of return, particularly as Cox's command would have rendered the direction of Cumberland, full of mountain gorges, particularly hazardous. The route selected was through an open country. Of course I left nothing undone to prevent the inhabitants from detecting my real route and object. I started directly towards Gettysburg, but having passed the Blue Ridge, turned back towards Hagerstown for six or eight miles, and then crossed to Maryland by Emmettsburg, where as we passed we were hailed by the inhabitants with the most enthusiastic demonstrations of joy. A scouting party of 150 lancers had just passed towards Gettysburg, and I regretted exceedingly that my march did not admit of the delay necessary to catch them. Taking the road towards Frederick, we intercepted dispatches from Colonel Rush (lancers) to the commander of the scout, which satisfied me that our where-

abouts was still a problem to the enemy. Before reaching Frederick I crossed the Monocacy, and continued the march through the night via Liberty, New Market and Monrovia, on Baltimore and Ohio railroad, where we cut the telegraph wires and obstructed the railroad. We reached at daylight Hyattstown, on McClellan's line of wagon communication with Washington; but we found only a few wagons to capture, and pushed on to Barnsville, which we found just vacated by a company of the enemy's cavalry. We had here corroborated what we had heard before—that Stoneman had between four and five thousand troops about Poolesville, and guarding the river fords. I started directly for Poolesville, but instead of marching upon that point I avoided it by a march through the woods, leaving it two or three miles to my left, and getting into the road from Poolesville to the mouth of the Monocacy. Guarding well my flanks and rear, I pushed boldly forward, meeting the head of the enemy's column going toward Poolesville. I ordered the charge, which was responded to in handsome style by the advance squadron (Irving's) of Lee's brigade, which drove back the enemy's cavalry upon the column of infantry advancing to occupy the crest from which the cavalry were driven. Quick as thought Lee's sharpshooters sprang to the ground, and engaging the infantry skirmishers, held them in check till the artillery in advance came up, which, under the gallant Pelham, drove back the enemy's force upon his batteries beyond the Monocacy, between which and our solitary gun quite a spirited fire continued for some time. This answered, in connection with the high crest occupied by our piece, to screen entirely my real movement quickly to the left, making a bold and rapid strike for White's ford to force my way across before the enemy at Poolesville and Monocacy could be aware of my design.

Although delayed somewhat by about 200 infantry, strongly posted in the cliffs over the ford; yet they yielded to the moral effect of a few shells before engaging our sharpshooters, and the crossing of the canal, now dry, and river was effected with all the precision of passing a defile on drill—a section of artillery being sent with the advance and placed in position on the Loudoun side, another piece on the Maryland height, while Pelham continued to occupy the attention of the enemy with the other, withdrawing from position to position until his piece was ordered to cross. The enemy was marching from Poolesville in the meantime, but came up in line of battle on the Maryland bank only to receive a thun-

dering salutation, with evident effect, from our guns on this side. I lost not a man killed on the expedition, and only a few slight wounds. The enemy's loss is not known, but Pelham's one gun compelled the enemy's battery to change its position three times.

The remainder of the march was destitute of interest. The conduct of the command and their behavior towards the inhabitants is worthy of the highest praise; a few individual cases only were exceptions in this particular. Brigadier-General Hampton and Colonels Lee, Jones, Wickham and Butler, and the officers and men under their command are entitled to my lasting gratitude for their coolness in danger and cheerful obedience to orders. Unoffending persons were treated with civility, and the inhabitants were generous in proffers of provisions on the march. We seized and brought over a large number of horses, the property of citizens of the United States. The valuable information obtained in this reconnoissance as to the distribution of the enemy's force was communicated orally to the Commanding General, and need not be here repeated. A number of public functionaries and prominent citizens were taken captives and brought over as hostages for our own unoffending citizens whom the enemy has torn from their homes and confined in dungeons in the North. One or two of my men lost their way, and are probably in the hands of the enemy.

I marched from Chambersburg to Leesburg (90 miles), with only an hour's halt, in thirty-six hours, including a forced passage of the Potomac—a march without a parallel in history.

The results of this expedition in a moral and political point of view can hardly be estimated, and the consternation among property holders in Pennsylvania beggars description.

I am specially indebted to Captain B. S. White (Confederate States cavalry), and to Messrs. Hugh Logan and Harbaugh, whose skillful guidance was of immense service to me. My staff are entitled to my thanks for untiring energy in the discharge of their duties.

I enclose a map of the expedition drawn by Captain W. W. Blackford to accompany this report; also a copy of orders enforced during the march.

Believing that the hand of God was clearly manifested in the signal deliverance of my command from danger, and the crowning success attending it, I ascribe to Him the praise, the honor and the glory. I have the honor to be, most respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. E. B. STUART,
Major-General Commanding Cavalry.

[The following letters from General Lee will be appropriate addenda to General Stuart's report.]

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
CAMP NEAR WINCHESTER, October 20, 1862.

Major-General J. E. B. STUART, *Commanding Cavalry*:

General—To show my appreciation of the conduct of your self and your men in the recent expedition into Pennsylvania, I enclose a copy of my letter to General Cooper, Adjutant and Inspector-General, forwarding your report of the expedition.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully,

(Signed)

Your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE, *General*.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
October 18, 1862.

General S. COOPER, *Adjutant and Inspector-General*:

General—In forwarding the report of Major-General Stuart of his expedition into Pennsylvania, I take occasion to express to the Department my sense of the boldness, judgment and prudence he displayed in its execution, and cordially join with him in his commendation of the conduct and endurance of the brave men he commanded.

To his skill and their fortitude, under the guidance of an overruling Providence, is their success due.

I have the honor to be, most respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

Official :

(Signed)

R. E. LEE, *General*.

W. H. TAYLOR, *Major and Aide-de-Camp.*

Letters on the Treatment and Exchange of Prisoners.

[The following letters explain themselves, and shed additional light on a question which we propose to ventilate from time to time.]

HDRS. DEPARTMENT SOUTH CAROLINA, GEORGIA AND FLORIDA,
CHARLESTON, S. C., July 1, 1864.

General—I send with this a letter addressed by five General officers of the United States army, now prisoners of war in this city, to Brigadier-General L. Thomas, Adjutant-General United States army, recommending and asking an exchange of prisoners of war.

I fully concur in opinion with the officers who have signed the letter, that there should be an exchange of prisoners; and though I am not instructed by my Government to enter into negotiations for that purpose, I have no doubt that it is willing and desirous now, as it has ever been, to exchange prisoners of war with your Government on just and honorable terms.

One difficulty in the way of carrying out the cartel of exchange agreed on between the two Governments would not exist, that I am aware of, if the exchange were conducted between you and myself. If, therefore, you think proper to communicate with your Government on the subject, I will without delay communicate with mine, and it may be that we can enter into an agreement, subject to the approval of our respective Governments, by which the prisoners of war now languishing in confinement may be released.

I should be glad to aid in so humane a work; and, to the end that there may be no unnecessary delay on my part, I have directed an officer of my staff, Major J. F. Lay, Assistant Adjutant and Inspector-General, charged with the delivery of this, to wait a reasonable time in the vicinity of Port Royal ferry for your answer. He is fully informed of my views on the subject, and, if you desire it, will confer with you or any officer you may designate.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

SAM. JONES,
Major-General Commanding.

To Major-General J. G. FOSTER, U. S. A.,
Commanding Department of the South, Hilton Head, S. C.

[*Unofficial.*]

CHARLESTON, S. C., July 1, 1864.

General—The journals of this morning inform us for the first time, that five General officers of the Confederate service have arrived at Hilton Head, with a view to their being subjected to the same treatment that we are receiving here.

We think it but just to ask for these officers every kindness and courtesy that you can extend to them, in acknowledgment of the fact that we at this time are as pleasantly and comfortably situated as is possible for prisoners of war, receiving from the Confederate authorities every privilege that we could desire or expect; nor are we unnecessarily exposed to fire.

Respectfully, General, your obedient servants,

(Signed)	R. W. WESSELS, <i>Brigadier-General U. S. Volunteers,</i>
(Signed)	T. SEYMOUR, <i>Brigadier-General U. S. Volunteers,</i>
(Signed)	E. P. SCAMMON, <i>Brigadier-General,</i>
(Signed)	C. A. HECKMAN, <i>Brigadier-General Volunteers,</i>
(Signed)	ALEXANDER SHAVER, <i>Brigadier-General U. S. Volunteers,</i>
	<i>Prisoners of War.</i>

To Major-General J. G. FOSTER,
Commanding Department of the South, Hilton Head, S. C.

CHARLESTON, S. C., July 1, 1864.
Brigadier-General L. THOMAS,
Adjutant-General United States Army, Washington, D. C.:

General—We desire respectfully to represent through you to our authorities, our firm belief that a prompt exchange of the prisoners of war in the hands of the Southern Confederacy, if exchanges are to be made, is called for by every consideration of humanity. There are many thousands confined at Southern points of the Confederacy, in a climate to which they are unaccustomed, deprived of much of the food, clothing and shelter they have habitually received, and it is not surprising that from these and other

causes that need not be enumerated here much suffering, sickness and death should ensue. In this matter the statements of our own officers are confirmed by those of Southern journals. And while we cheerfully submit to any policy that may be decided upon by our Government, we would urge that the great evils that must result from any delay that is not desired should be obviated by the designation of some point in this vicinity at which exchanges might be made—a course, we are induced to believe, that would be acceded to by the Confederate authorities.

And we are, General, your most obedient servants,

(Signed)

H. W. WESSELS,

Brigadier-General U. S. Volunteers.

(Signed)

T. SEYMOUR,

Brigadier-General U. S. Volunteers.

(Signed)

E. P. SCAMMON,

Brigadier-General U. S. Volunteers.

(Signed)

ALEXANDER SHALER,

Brigadier-General U. S. Volunteers.

(Signed)

C. A. HECKMAN,

Brigadier-General U. S. Volunteers.

Through Major-General J. G. FOSTER, U. S. V.,
Commanding Department of the South, Hilton Head, S. C.

HDRS. DEPARTMENT SOUTH CAROLINA, GEORGIA AND FLORIDA,
CHARLESTON, S. C., July 13, 1864.

General—I have received your letter of the 1st instant. Mine of the 13th and 22d ultimo indicate with all necessary precision the location of United States officers who are prisoners of war in this city. I cannot be more minute without pointing out the houses in which they are confined; and for reasons very easily understood, I am sure that this will not be expected. If my statements in my letter of the 22d ultimo are insufficient, the letter of the five General officers, dated the 1st instant, in which they assure you that they "are as pleasantly and comfortably situated as is possible for prisoners of war, receiving from the Confederate authorities every privilege that we (they) could desire or expect; nor are we (they) unnecessarily exposed to fire," gives you all the information in regard to their treatment that you can reasonably desire.

In conclusion, let me add that I presumed, from a copy of your confidential order of the 29th ultimo, found on the battle field on John's Island on the 9th instant, that you were commanding in person the troops operating against this city, and as you had particularly requested me to communicate with you only by way of Port Royal ferry, I felt bound to delay my reply until I was assured it would promptly reach you by the route you were pleased to indicate.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

SAM. JONES,

Major-General Commanding.

To Major-General J. G. FOSTER,

Commanding United States Forces, Hilton Head.

HDRS. DEPARTMENT SOUTH CAROLINA, GEORGIA AND FLORIDA,
CHARLESTON, July 13, 1864.

General—Your letter of the 4th in reply to mine of the 1st inst. has been received.

I am pleased to know that you reciprocate my desire for an exchange of prisoners of war, but regret that you should require as a condition precedent to any negotiation for this end that I should remove from their present location the United States prisoners of war now in this city. Such a course on my part would be an implied admission that those officers are unduly exposed and treated with unnecessary rigor, which they have themselves assured you in their letter of the 1st instant is not the case.

I regard the exchange of prisoners as demanded alike by the rules of civilized warfare and the dictates of common humanity. To require a change of location, which you have every reason to know that the prisoners themselves do not desire, is to throw an unnecessary obstacle in the way of accomplishing this end, and thus to retain prisoners of war in irksome confinement. The change I most prefer is to send them to your headquarters, and this may yet be done unless defeated by obstacles interposed by yourself or your Government.

I was notified of your request that I would send a staff officer to meet one of yours at Port Royal at 2 P. M. to-day, too late to comply therewith. I have, however, directed the officer of your staff to be informed that I would send an officer to meet him at 4 P. M. to-morrow, and I have accordingly directed Major J. F. Lay,

Assistant Adjutant and Inspector-General, to take charge of this letter and deliver it at Port Royal ferry. I repeat that he is fully advised of my views, and, should you desire it, will confer with you, or any officer of your staff whom you may designate.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

SAM. JONES,

Major-General Commanding.

To Major-General J. G. FOSTER,
Commanding United States Forces, Hilton Head.

HDRS. DEPARTMENT SOUTH CAROLINA, GEORGIA AND FLORIDA,
CHARLESTON, S. C., August 2, 1864.

General—I received your letter of the 29th ultimo, informing me that the United States Secretary of War has authorized you to exchange any prisoners in your hands, rank for rank, or their equivalents, such exchange being a special one, and that you had sent Major Anderson of your staff to make arrangements as to time and place for the exchange. Major Lay of my staff, whose authority to act I had previously made known to you, and who met Major Anderson at Port Royal ferry, reports to me that he and Major Anderson had agreed to make the exchange to-morrow morning in the north channel leading to Charleston harbor. Having received authority from my Government to make the exchange, I will send five General and forty-five field officers of the United States service on a steamer for exchange at the time and place appointed. The details as to equivalents will be settled between Majors Lay and Anderson, or other officer to whom you may assign that duty, and any balance that may be found due you will be forwarded, in officers, by flag of truce as agreed upon.

On your assurance, conveyed in your letter of the 16th ultimo, that Assistant Surgeon Robinson, of the 104th Pennsylvania regiment, was not when captured reconnoitring, I will release and send him within your lines as soon as it can be done. He had been sent from here before I received your letter in regard to him

I am, respectfully, your obedient servant,

SAM. JONES,

Major-General Commanding.

To Major-General J. G. FOSTER,
Commanding U. S. Forces, Department of the South, Hilton Head.

The Defence of Fort Gregg.

Since publishing in our last number General Lane's account of the defence of Fort Gregg, we have received a letter from an officer of the Washington artillery, complaining that injustice was done that gallant command in Captain McCabe's note (page 301, December Number), by omitting all mention of the part borne by them. In General Lane's account the name of Lieutenant McElroy of the Washington artillery is mentioned. But in order that we may give all a fair hearing, we take pleasure in republishing, as requested, the following account from "A Soldier's Story of the Late War, by Napier Bartlett." We may add the remark that in the peculiar circumstances which surrounded the heroic band from different commands who collected in Fort Gregg, it is perfectly natural that there should be honest differences of opinion as to the numbers, &c., of the several commands. *But they were all Confederate soldiers, and they bore themselves worthily in the hour of trial.*

[From "A Soldier's Story of the War."]

A dramatic interest attached to the defence of the forts, aside from the fact that here was to be the last stand for Petersburg. This was because of the necessity of here detaining the enemy, who were advancing, wave after wave around the works, until Longstreet could get across the James; secondly, the attack on Gregg was followed by a lull along other portions of the line, and the men rested upon their weapons to witness, as at a spectacle of great national interest, the struggle of Secession, and the last angry glare of her guns on a formal field of battle. The number of men on the two sides, 214 in Fort Gregg, about the same in Whitworth, and 5,000 advancing against them, illustrated the comparative strength of the combatants. Fort Gregg was the Confederate La Tourgue. When it falls, all of the old traditions and usages of the South fall with it; when the Federal standards wave over it, there is then to be centralization, negro government, and four times the ruin inflicted on the South as was put by Germany on France.

The two forts stand 250 yards in the rear of the captured line, and were built for precisely such an occasion as is suggested by the cheers of the advancing enemy—namely, for use as an inner defence when disaster should overtake the Confederate line. Fronting Gregg is a little fort, the last built by Lee, and called by the men Fort Owen, after the Lieutenant-Colonel of that name from the Washington artillery, who was assigned to the command of Fort Gregg and the surrounding works. Lieutenant Battles, of

the Washington artillery, is in "Owen," with two guns, and Lieutenant McElroy, of the same battalion, has charge of a company of sixty-two artillerymen who have been doing duty here most of the winter.

The night had been strangely quiet upon this portion of the lines, but towards daybreak the silence gave place to a little touch of skirmishing to the right of Gregg—sufficient to cause the ordering of the infantry and artillerymen into Fort Owen, although it was then so dark that scarcely anything could be seen. Our infantry there could be barely detected moving in the trenches, towards what seemed to be the picket firing. As the men peered into the darkness in the direction of the flashes, solid shots commenced to plow up the earth—the infantry began quitting the trenches and taking to the fields, leaving the cannoniers under the impression that the troops were chasing small game of some sort.

Lieutenant-Colonel Owen in his report says he gave orders to withdraw to Fort Gregg, and hurried off to rally fugitives—a no easy matter—who had already been dispersed by the Federal attack. McElroy reached the latter with his men, but Battles not receiving his horses in time, found himself suddenly surrounded, and his command captured by the enemy. McElroy immediately opened fire from Fort Gregg with his artillery-infantry, drove them away, and then turning his infantry once more back to artillery, ran down into Fort Owen and opened fire with the recaptured pieces on the enemy, two hundred yards to his right. Horses having been procured, the pieces by order were moved forward a mile, where the guns fired thirty-five rounds each, and were then retired to Fort Gregg. Lieutenant McElroy says, in his report, there were two hundred men in the fort, who were, with the exception of his command, of Harris' Mississippi brigade, and that his loss was six killed, two wounded and thirty-two prisoners. Colonel Owen proceeds to say :

At the time McElroy was put in position in "Gregg" some guns were placed in Fort Whitworth, a detached work like "Gregg" and to its right and rear.

Major-General Wilcox, who was then in Gregg, seeing Harris' brigade in what he thought a dangerous position in front, sent his Aide to the General to recall his men to the two forts, Harris himself going into Whitworth, and Lieutenant-Colonel James H. Duncan, of the Nineteenth Mississippi, into Gregg.

As the enemy advanced, McElroy was cautioned to have his ammunition as handy as possible upon the platform for quick

work. Under orders, Captain Walker hurriedly withdrew the guns from Fort Whitworth.

The enemy, a full corps of at least 5,000 men, advanced in three lines of battles. Three times the little garrison repulsed them. The fort seemed fringed with fire from the rifles of the Mississippians.

The cannoniers bravely and skilfully used their guns. The enemy fell on the clear field around the fort by scores.

The capture of the work was but a question of time. The blue coats finally jumped into the ditch surrounding the fort, and presently climbed over each others backs to gain the summit of the parapets. There was a weak point on the side of Gregg, where the ditch was incomplete, and over this a body of the enemy rushed. Presently six regimental standards were distinctly seen waving on the parapet.

* * * * *

The part taken in the defence of Gregg, by the Mississippians, is thus described in the Vicksburg *Times*:

"Fort Gregg was held by the Twelfth and Sixteenth Mississippi regiments, Harris' brigade, numbering about 150 muskets, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel James H. Duncan, of the Nineteenth Mississippi, who had been assigned by General Harris to the immediate command of that work. The artillery in the fort was a section of Third company Washington artillery, commanded by Lieutenant Frank McElroy. General Harris, with his two other regiments, Nineteenth and Forty-eighth Mississippi, occupied 'Fort Whitworth,' distant about 100 yards, and between that work and the Southside railroad."

General Harris, in a letter designed to be an official report, says, "General Wilcox ordered me to take position in front of the enemy, and detain them as long as possible. With this object in view I advanced about 400 yards, and formed at right angles with the Boydton plank road. The ground being undulating, I threw both flanks behind the crest on which I formed, and exposed my centre, in order that I might induce the enemy to believe that there was a continuous line of battle behind the ridge. I then advanced a line of skirmishers well to the front. The enemy being misled by this device, made the most careful dispositions, two lines of battle, and advancing with the utmost caution, my position was held until the enemy was in close range, when a heavy fire was opened upon both sides.

"The enemy pressing me heavily and out-reaching me on my flanks, I fell back upon Fort Gregg and Whitworth, the Twelfth and Sixteenth under Colonel Duncan, being ordered to Fort Gregg, and to hold it at all hazards.

"The Nineteenth and Forty-eighth were placed in Whitworth. In Gregg there was a section of the Third company Washington artillery, commanded by Lieutenant Frank McElroy. Preparations were now made by the enemy for the assault, and this time Captain

Walker, Adjutant and Inspector-General of General Walker, Chief of Artillery, came with orders to withdraw the artillery, and against this I most earnestly protested.

"The four guns were withdrawn from Whitworth under protest; but the enemy were too close to permit the withdrawal of the guns from Gregg. Perceiving the guns of Whitworth leaving, the enemy moved forward to assault us in both works. He assaulted in columns of brigades, completely enveloping Gregg, and approaching Whitworth only in front. Gregg repulsed assault after assault; the two remnants of regiments, which had won glorious honor on so many fields, fighting this, their last battle, with most terrible enthusiasm, as if feeling this to be the last act in the drama for them; and the officers and men of the Washington artillery fighting their guns to the last, preserved untarnished the brilliancy of reputation acquired by their corps. Gregg raged like the crater of a volcano, emitting its flashes of deadly fires, enveloped in flame and cloud, wreathing our flag as well in honor as in the smoke of death. It was a glorious struggle. Louisiana represented by these noble artillerists, and Mississippi by her shattered bands, stood there side by side together, holding the last regularly fortified lines around Petersburg."

While Gregg and Whitworth were holding out, Longstreet was hastening with Field's division, from the north side of the James, to form an inner line for the purpose of covering General Lee's withdrawal that night. As soon as Harris heard of the formation of that line, he withdrew with his little band, cutting his way through.

At 12 o'clock that night the last man and the last gun of the brave army that had defended the lines of Petersburg for one year, passed over the pontoon bridges, and the march commenced, that ended at Appomattox courthouse. I have been induced to write the foregoing, of which I was eye witness, in the hope of *correcting history*. Many accounts have been published of the defence of Fort "Gregg," but all that I have seen have been generally far from the truth. Pollard, who showed but little disposition to waste compliments on the troops from the Gulf States, says Captain Chew of the fourth Maryland battery of artillery was in command of the work, and his account is reiterated by many others. If he was, it is strange we did not know it. A battery of Marylanders had in reality been disbanded a short time before the fight, their time having expired, and they were awaiting their discharge papers to enable them to go to their homes. If Captain Chew was in the fort at all, he was simply there as a volunteer or a spectator.

We should give the honor to those who earned it in this fierce fight of three hours against such fearful odds. Swinton, in his "Army of the Potomac," in his description of the breaking through the lines on this historic Sunday, says:

"On reaching the lines immediately around Petersburg, a part of Ord's command under Gibbon began an assault directed against

Fort Gregg and Whitworth, two strong enclosed works, the most salient and commanding south of Petersburg. The former of these redoubts was manned by Harris' Mississippi brigade, numbering two hundred and fifty men, and this handful of skilled marksmen conducted the defence with such intrepidity that Gibbons' force, surging repeatedly against it, was each time thrown back; at length a renewed charge carried the work, but not till its two hundred and fifty defenders had been reduced to thirty. * * Gibbons' loss was four hundred men."

Swinton does not mention the Washington artillery in the fort: he also errs in putting the number of Mississippians at 250. General Harris says there were 150. These, with the 64 artillerists, make a total of 214 men, and these men put *hors du combat* 500 of the enemy, or an average of more than two men each.

Dahlgren's Ride into Fredericksburg.

This incident is scarcely of sufficient importance to demand a place in our PAPERS, except as an illustration of how "history" is manufactured and a small affair magnified into a *brilliant achievement* by a sensational press.

In the Memoir of Ulric Dahlgren, by his father, Rear Admiral Dahlgren, there is quoted from the account of a newspaper correspondent the following vivid sketch of the affair :

I am sitting in Colonel Ashboth's tent, at General Sigel's headquarters, listening to a plain statement of what occurred, narrated by a modest, unassuming sergeant. I will give it briefly.

General Burnside had requested that a cavalry reconnaissance of Fredericksburg should be made. General Sigel selected his body-guard, commanded by Captain Dahlgren, with fifty-seven of the First Indiana cavalry. It was no light task to ride forty miles, keep the movement concealed from the enemy, cross the river and dash through the town, especially as it was known that the Rebels occupied it in force. It was an enterprise calculated to dampen the ardor of most men, but which was hailed almost as a holiday excursion by the Indianians. They left Gainesville Saturday morning, took a circuitous route, rode till night, rested awhile, and then, under the light of the full moon, rode rapidly over the worn-out fields of the Old Dominion, through by-roads, intending to dash into the town at daybreak. They arrived opposite the place at dawn, and found to their chagrin that one element in their calculation had been omitted—the tide.

The bridge had been burned when we evacuated the place last summer, and they had nothing to do but wait till the water ebbed. Concealing themselves in the woods, they waited impatiently. Meanwhile, two of the Indianians rode along the river bank below the town to the ferry. They hailed the ferryman, who was on the opposite shore, representing themselves to be Rebel officers. The ferryman pulled to the northern bank, and was detained till he gave information of the Rebel force, which he said numbered eight companies, five or six hundred men all told.

The tide ebbed, and Captain Dahlgren left his hiding place with his fifty-seven Indianians. They crossed the river in single file at a slow walk, the bottom being exceedingly rocky. Reaching the opposite shore, he started at a slow trot towards the town, hoping to take the enemy by surprise. But his advance had been discovered. The enemy was partly in saddle. There was a hurrying to and fro, mounting of steeds, confusion, and fright among the people. The Rebel cavalry were in every street. Captain Dahlgren resolved to fall upon them like a thunderbolt. Increasing his trot to a gallop, the fifty-seven dauntless men dashed into the town,

cheering, with sabres glittering in the sun—riding recklessly upon the enemy, who waited but a moment in the main street, then ignominiously fled. Having cleared the main thoroughfare, Captain Dahlgren swept through a cross street upon another squadron with the same success. There was a trampling of hoofs, a clattering of scabbards, and the sharp ringing cut of the sabres, the pistol flash, the going down of horse and rider, the gory gashes of the sabre stroke, a cheering and hurrahing, and screaming of frightened women and children, a short, sharp, decisive contest, and the town was in the possession of the gallant men. Once the Rebels attempted to recover what they had lost, but a second impetuous charge drove them back again, and Captain Dahlgren gathered the fruits of the victory—thirty-one prisoners, horses, accoutrements, sabres—held possession of the town for three hours and retired, losing but one of his glorious band killed and two wounded; leaving a dozen of the enemy killed and wounded. I would like to give the names of these heroes if I had them. The one brave fellow who lost his life had fought through all the conflict, but seeing a large rebel flag waving from a building he secured it, wrapped it around his body, and was returning to his command, when a fatal shot was fired from a window, probably by a citizen. He was brought to the northern shore, and there buried by his fellow-soldiers beneath the forest pines.

It thrills one to look at it, to hear the story, to picture the encounter—the wild dash, the sweep like a whirlwind, the cheers, the rout of the enemy, their confusion, the victory. Victory, not for the personal glory, not for ambition, but for a beloved country; for that which is dearer than life—the thanks of the living, the gratitude of unnumbered millions yet to be. Brave sons of the West, this is your glory, this your reward! No exploit of the war equals it. It will go down to history as one of the bravest achievements on record.

The following letters from Judge Critcher and Major Kelly show how largely the correspondent drew upon his imagination in his account of this comparatively insignificant affair. But this romancing is a fair sample of the style in which many of the so-called "histories" of the day are manufactured.

The letters of Judge Critcher and Major Kelly were written after seeing the above account of "one of the bravest achievements on record."

General FITZHUGH LEE:

My Dear Sir—There is far more of romance than truth in the newspaper account of Dahlgren's ride into Fredericksburg. The contributors to the daily newspapers seem to be under the necessity of writing something, if possible, that is marvellous and sen-

sational; and a father may well be pardoned for reproducing what is so flattering to his pride. But the facts:

There were four companies of cavalry, just mustered into service and armed with such guns as each man could provide, that had then their headquarters at Fredericksburg. But these companies were distributed by order of General Smith (then at Richmond) from West Point, on the York river, along the lower Rappahannock; at certain points on the Potomac, and on the upper Rappahannock at the various fords twenty-five or thirty miles above Fredericksburg, leaving at headquarters, besides the sick and such as had no arms, but few efficient men.

The evening before Dahlgren's raid Captain Simpson's company, from Norfolk, unexpectedly joined us, but having provided no quarters, they were distributed for the night in the most convenient houses. Next morning Dahlgren entered the town, conducted by a deserter from Stafford, who led his men over a ford near Falmouth which had not been used within the memory of man. Our pickets nearer town were deceived and captured. Our position in town and our weakness were well known to the surrounding country, and of course to the deserter. When the attack was made by Dahlgren on our camp, he found but a few sick and disabled men, with the usual employees of the quartermaster and commissary, and perhaps a few others. Captain Simpson placed himself at the head of a few of his men, attacked the rear guard of the enemy, pursued them at full speed through Fredericksburg to Falmouth, killing one and wounding two men. As soon as our scattered forces could effect a rendezvous on Marye's heights, we crossed the river and pursued the party five or six miles through Stafford—capturing, however, but two of their men. Captain Simpson lost one man killed. Exclusive of Simpson's company, which had not reported for duty, I question whether we had as many men in Fredericksburg at the time as Dahlgren, and of these several were sick and others without arms. So that, knowing our position and our weakness as he must have done, and as he could have learned from any one along the road or at Falmouth, the exploit of this youthful hero, though very creditable to him, seems not so distinguished by its boldness or success.

I append a letter from Major Kelly, from whom I hoped to obtain an accurate account of the affair. He was then editor of the *Fredericksburg Herald*, in which paper a minute and accurate account of every incident of the day was published the next morning.

Most respectfully,

JOHN CRITCHER,
Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding at Fredericksburg
in the autumn of 1862.

FREDERICKSBURG, April 19, 1872.

Judge CRITCHER:

Dear Sir—I regret very much that I am unable to assist you materially in the review you propose of the article sent in regard to "Dahlgren's Ride into Fredericksburg."

The files of the *Herald* during the war fell a prey to the ravages of the times, and I have not the slightest recollection of any facts that I may then have written.

The first intimation I had of the affair was a small colored boy's coming into the chamber (about 8 o'clock in the morning, or possibly 9) with the announcement, "De Yankees is in town." It was Sunday morning, as you recollect. Directly thereafter I heard the clatter of horses' feet, and on going to the parlor window saw the head of the invading force. The horses were in a walk, and no dash whatever. I looked for some moments before I realized that they were indeed Federal soldiers. I saw the blue overcoats, but thought they belonged to Colonel Bell's company, he having arrived, as I understood, the evening before.

The invading party could learn at Falmouth all they wanted to know, and I have not a doubt that when they crossed the river they were under the impression that only one company of cavalry occupied the town. I do not suppose any one in Falmouth had heard of the arrival of Bell and his company—the latter, I believe, having been quartered below town or in its suburbs late the evening previous.

You know more accurately than I do as to the "fruits of the victory," &c. The Munchausen story of "prisoners," "holding the town three hours," &c., is simply ludicrous.

The Federal cavalryman was killed by one of the Confederates, and not a citizen. The first was on the outside of a fence on a cross street and the other on the inside. There was no dash on his part after a "Rebel flag," but those living in the vicinity said he was retreating and refused to surrender. This I learned a very brief period after he was killed, and whilst his body was still lying on the ground. His "fellow-soldiers" had something else to do than take his body to the northern shore and bury it. They were retreating for life. One or two of the Yankees were captured. I remember to have talked with one, and my impression is that he was not wounded.

I remember that you took some cavalrymen, crossed the river, and went in pursuit—overtook them, and had a brisk engagement. You told me afterwards of the gallantry of some of your men on that occasion.

Regretting that I cannot assist you in giving a narrative, such as I could if my memory was refreshed by the account I wrote at the time, I remain,

Very truly yours,

J. H. KELLY.

Editorial Paragraphs.

THE KIND NOTICES OF THE PRESS have several times elicited our thanks, but we have not thought proper to publish in our PAPERS any of the commendations of our editorial brethren. We will, however, venture to give our readers the following from the pen of our gallant friend, Captain J. Hampden Chamberlayne, the editor of the *Richmond State*:

We have several times had occasion to commend the work of this Society and the usefulness of its publications. The issue of the PAPERS for the month just passed is one of unusual variety, and is, as all its predecessors, of a positive value to the historian and to all interested in reaching the truth of our recent war between the States.

Particularly welcome are the reports of General Maury of the operations of his department—headquarters at Mobile—and of General R. L. Page touching the defence of Fort Morgan. These papers are published for the first time, and fill an important gap in the story of the military life of the Confederacy. Captain Park's diary continues its minute and lifelike descriptions, and Mr. McCarthy's "Soldier Life" is, as all his sketches, faithful and sparkling. The papers on the Fort Gregg defence help to throw light on affairs hitherto known but vaguely, and the memorial address on General Lee, confining itself for the most part to mere outline, yet attempts to set forth clearly the salient points of character and achievement exhibited by our great commander.

This issue is, we repeat, of positive value as well as not a little of attractiveness in the various styles of its different essays and reports.

The Society, indeed, has in a very short time taken honorable rank in its class, and by the persistent labors, energy, accuracy and knowledge of the Secretary it has not only acquired for its publications a large and self-sustaining circulation, but accumulated a great mass of historical material of high value to the country and to the truth of history. Establishing close relations with other societies having analogous ends in view, a system of exchange has been adopted which is already of great use, and promises constantly increasing results. Contented with small beginnings and hard work, the Secretary and the Society have wisely avoided all attempts at show, and make good use of the poor quarters, which is all that has yet been bestowed by way of encouragement to its work. It is much to be hoped that no long time will go by before the valuable material accumulated by its labor will find better means and place of preservation, and the officers be more worthily furnished with facilities for their duties. The publications, however, by which the Society is chiefly known, though they form as yet but a small part of what it has done, are worthy of unstinted praise. Giving a due attention to a variety of subjects, and letting slip no opportunity of sifting out of conflicting statements the very truth, they already serve, when bound, to furnish a veritable mine of facts, records, anecdotes, and memorabilia in general which bear upon the history of the Confederacy, both as a civil organization and as an armed camp. Fortunate, too, in the printer selected, these SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY PAPERS are admirably prepared (at the printing house of George W. Gary), and lack nothing of neatness and even elegance in material and typography.

Guided by patriotic enthusiasm, and conducted, down to the details of its work, with minute and painstaking care, it is not strange that the Society and its monthly PAPERS grow fast as well as deservedly in the appreciation of the public.

"GENERAL LEE," A NEW WORK BY MARSHALL, THE ENGRAVER.—We have received from the publisher, Oscar Marshall, 697 Broadway, New York, a copy of this superb picture. While we do not think the photograph from which the engraving is made quite equal to another one of the thirty-two in our possession, we regard the engraving as a very admirable one in every respect, and are so anxious to see it widely circulated that we cheerfully give place to the following notice sent us by a competent and appreciative art critic :

Virginia, if she cannot claim to be the mother of many artists, has more than once benefited art by furnishing the subject, the hero, and the inspiration. Thus Washington, the noblest of Virginians, inspired Stuart with that slight but matchless sketch in the Boston Athenaeum, which is undoubtedly the most celebrated American picture in existence. Henry, another Virginian, is the subject of that historical painting "Patrick Henry in the House of Burgesses," which is perhaps the masterpiece of Rothermel. And now the chief American engraver, William Edgar Marshall, who has already, by a stroke or a few strokes of genius, scattered Stuart's masterpiece across the country in an incomparable line engraving, has issued another print, likewise of very uncommon power, representing that man who of all contemporary Americans has perhaps the greatest number of admirers both in the North and the South, General Robert E. Lee.

This new work is very ambitious in size, grasp and treatment. It is a bust-portrait, the head being somewhat larger than life, and the chest being represented below the shoulders. Although the scale is so large, there is none of his works in which this master of pure line has shown more care and intelligence in representing, by well chosen strokes, the richness and transparency of complexion, the variety of textures, the filmy lightness of hair and beard, the fullness of stuffs, and the general sense of enveloping air, all of which combine to give quality to a portrait.

The face, turned somewhat to the spectator's right, represents Lee in the hale strength of middle age, with the eagle force of the eyes slightly veiled by the influence of time and experience. As in the record of his life the vicissitudes of history only taught this grand man a calm and equable dignity, so in the portrait it is the endurance, fortitude and unconquerable nobility of character which are made emphatic. The active and aggressive traits are held in check by a sense of superior wisdom. If ever the expression of a modern face deserved to be called Olympian, it is the countenance delineated in this remarkable print. Seldom has an engraver given such liquid depth to a large, grand eye. It looks out straight to the horizon, with a comprehensive glance of ineffable manliness, repose, and natural command. It shows the courage to act, and also the courage to bear and to wait.

The fine, waving, grizzled hair and beard, which gave to Lee the soldierly comeliness of some noble old moustache of the Peninsula, are treated by Mr. Marshall with a felicity that only his long experience with the burin could inspire. The light waved lines express, at the proper distance, the exact character of dry, soft, silky, aged hair, which lifts easily on every breeze, and always allows the conformation of the cranium and the muscular anatomy of the face to be distinctly divined. The grand and thought-worn forehead, the firm mouth, and the general monumental and strong character of the face are well understood and rendered. Few heroes have had so pure and heroic a type of face. The engraver understands his work so well as to leave on the beholder's mind an impression of magnificent manhood, of vast resources of energy, and finally of self-communing, self-respecting calm.

The dress indicated is the old working uniform of warlike days—the suit of gray—with three small stars on the collar, the waistcoat carelessly

opened, and the white shirt stiffly tied at the neck with black. Although this uniform, however, indicates a definite historical period, we cannot help seeing in the air of the majestic face a something which that particular uniform never accompanied—the accomplished work of life, the chastening and visionary sadness of a Lost Cause, the grandeur of self-repression. By this happy inconsistency, this *ben trovato* anachronism, we conceive the engraver to wish to include the whole record of a great career, and to combine at once the characteristics of the time of effort and the time of retrospection. The technical quality of this head is throughout peculiarly good: seldom has pure line given as good a suggestion of the painter's carnation and gray and silver and warm shadows. Every plane of the modeling, every variation of tint in a rich blood-chased complexion is keenly followed by the change of line, and subtly interpreted to the eye. The mere technical inventiveness of this large print is a lesson to the line-engraver.

"WADE HAMPTON, GOVERNOR OF SOUTH CAROLINA," is now a grand historic figure whom the world admires. Lieutenant-General Wade Hampton of the old Cavalry Corps, Army Northern Virginia, "won the admiration of all who love chivalric skill and daring. But the bold yet cautious and prudent campaign which has rescued his native State from "carpet-bag" rule and plunder, and made "*Wade Hampton Governor of South Carolina*," the idol of his people, and the admiration of the world, has shown him possessed of even nobler traits of mind and heart than he ever displayed on the field of battle, and has made the world more anxious than ever to see the lineaments of his classic face.

We are greatly indebted to Walker, Evans & Cogswell, of Charleston, S. C., for a superb engraving of this grand man. The likeness is a very admirable one, the execution is fine, and the picture one which we would be glad to see extensively hung in the homes of our people, that our children may study the features of this noble specimen of the soldier, patriot and statesman.

A ROSTER OF GENERAL ED. JOHNSON'S DIVISION, Ewell's corps, had been prepared along with the other "copy" of the Army Northern Virginia Roster, and was left out by one of those strange mishaps which will sometimes occur in the best regulated offices. It will appear at the end of the entire Roster.

THE CONFEDERATE ROSTER is nearly complete, and has excited considerable interest and attention. That some errors should have crept into it, and some omissions have occurred, is not to be wondered at. Indeed, no one can have any tolerable conception of the immense amount of labor it has cost to *dig out* a Roster from the imperfect records to be had, without admiring the patient research which our friend, Colonel Jones, has shown, and wondering that his work contains so few errors or omissions.

After the publication of the Roster in its present form is completed, it is designed to thoroughly revise and correct it, make such additions to it as may be necessary, and then publish it in separate book form. Meantime the

author is exceedingly anxious to make it as accurate and complete as possible, and we would esteem it a favor if any one detecting errors or omissions would write us the necessary corrections.

RENEW! RENEW! RENEW! is now the watchword at this office. If any of our subscribers fail to receive this number of our PAPERS, and should chance to see this paragraph in the copy of some more fortunate neighbor, let them know that the trouble probably is that they have *failed to pay their subscription for 1877.* We dislike very much to part company with any of our subscribers, but we must adhere to our terms, which are *cash in advance.*

AGENTS ARE WANTED to canvass every city, town, village and community for our PAPERS, and to a reliable, efficient agent we can pay *liberal commissions.*

But our agents must make us *frequent reports and prompt remittances.* Subscribers are entitled to receive their PAPERS just as soon as they pay for them, and we cannot, of course, send them until the agent reports the names to us.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO OUR ARCHIVES continue to come in, and our collection grows more and more valuable every day. Among others received we acknowledge now the following:

From Mr. Yates Snowden, of Charleston, S. C.: "The Land We Love" for 1868, and two numbers for 1869; a number of war newspapers for '61, '62, '63 and '64; a number of valuable Confederate pamphlets.

From A. Barron Holmes, Esq., of Charleston, S. C.: Caldwell's "History of Gregg's (McGowan's) South Carolina Brigade"; Holmes' "Phosphate Rocks of South Carolina"; Report of the Committee on the Destruction of Churches in the Diocese of South Carolina during the late War, presented to the Protestant Episcopal Convention, May, 1868. (This report shows that in the diocese of South Carolina the enemy burned ten churches and tore down three; that eleven parsonages were burned; that every church between the Savannah river and Charleston was injured, some stripped even of weatherboarding and flooring; that almost every minister in that region of the State lost home and library; that almost every church lost its communion plate—often a massive and venerable set, the donation of an English or Colonial ancestor,—and that clergy and parishioners alike had been so robbed and despoiled that they were reduced to absolute want.) "The Record of Fort Sumpter during the Administration of Governor Pickens," compiled by W. A. Harris; address of Major Theo. G. Barker at the anniversary of the Washington Artillery Club, February 22d, 1876; Reinterment of the South Carolina Dead from Gettysburg, address of Rev. Dr. Girardeau, odes, &c.; Oration of General Wade Hampton, and poem of Rev. Dr. E. T. Winkler, at the unveiling of the monument of the Washington Light In-

fantry of Charleston, June 16th, 1870; "South Carolina in Arms, Arts, and the Industries," by John Peyre Thomas, Superintendent of Carolina Military Institute; Map of the Siege of Vicksburg; Map of the Seat of War in Mississippi; "Marginalia, or Gleanings from an Army Note Book," by *Personne*, army correspondent, &c., Columbia, S. C., 1864; "The Burning of Columbia, S. C.," by Dr. D. H. Trezvant.

From J. F. Mayer, Richmond: Messages of President Davis for January 18th, February 5th, February 13th and February 14th, 1864. Mr. Mayer is an industrious collector of Confederate material, and places us under frequent obligations for rare and valuable documents.

From General Carter L. Stevenson, Fredericksburg, Va: A box of his headquarter papers, which consist of such valuable material as the following: Report of Lieutenant-General S. D. Lee of the operations of his corps from the time he succeeded General Hood in the command to the arrival of the army at Palmetto Station; General Lee's report of Hood's Tennessee Campaign; General Stevenson's report of the same campaign; General Stevenson's report of the operations of his division from the beginning of the Dalton-Atlanta campaign up to May 30th, 1864; General Stevenson's report of engagement on Powder Springs road, June 22d, 1864; Reports of General Stevenson, General Brown, General J. R. Jackson, General E. C. Walthal, General E. W. Pettus, and a number of regimental and battery commanders of the Battle of Lookout Mountain.

A large number of general field orders, field letters, field notes, returns, inspection reports, &c., &c., which are invaluable material for a history of Stevenson's division, and indeed of the whole army with which this gallant and accomplished officer was connected.

(We are exceedingly anxious to collect a full set of papers bearing on the operations of our Western armies, and regard this contribution of General Stevenson as a most valuable addition to the large amount of such material which we already had in our archives.)

From the Department of State, Washington: Foreign relations of the United States, 1876.

From General Eaton, Commissioner of Education: Report of education bureau for 1875. Special Report on Libraries in the United States.

From Major R. F. Walker, Superintendent Public Printing, Va.: Annual reports for 1875-76.

From Dr. W. H. Ruffner, Superintendent of Public Instruction, Va.: School report for 1876.

From Historical Society of Montana: "Contributions," Vol. I, 1876.

From Major H. B. McClellan, of Lexington, Kentucky (in addition to contributions acknowledged in our last): Two letters of instructions from General R. E. Lee to General Stuart—one dated August 19, 1862, and the other August 19, 1862, 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ P. M.; General Lee's order of battle on the Rapidan, August 19, 1862; General Stuart's report of October 24, 1862, giving roster of his cavalry division and recommending Col. Thomas T. Munford to be promoted to rank of brigadier-general; autograph letter from General Stuart to Gene-

ral Cooper, dated November 11, 1862, recommending the promotion of Major Pelham to the rank of lieutenant-colonel of artillery; original letter from General R. E. Lee to General Stuart commanding the "gallant conduct" of Sergeant Mickler, of Second South Carolina cavalry, and his party in the fight at Brentsville January 9, 1863, and stating that he had recommended their promotion for "gallantry and skill"; confidential letter (dated April 4, 1864), from General Stuart to General J. R. Chambliss, commander of his outposts on the Lower Rappahannock; confidential letter of Colonel Charles Marshall (General Lee's military secretary) to General Stuart conveying important information and orders from General Lee.

From General I. M. St. John, last Commissary-General: A report to President Davis of the closing operations of the Commissary Department. Letters from Ex-President Davis, General R. E. Lee; General John C. Breckinridge, Secretary of War; Colonel Thomas G. Williams, Assistant Commissary-General; Major J. H. Claiborne, Commissary Department; Major B. P. Noland, Chief Commissary for Virginia; Hon. Lewis E. Harvie, late president of the Richmond and Danville and Petersburg railroads; and Bishop T. U. Dudley, late major and C. S.—all confirming the statements made in General St. John's report. These papers have never been published, and are of great historic interest and value.

From Robert W. Christian, Esq., Richmond: General J. B. Magruder's report of his operations on the Peninsula, and of the battles of "Savage Station," and "Malvern Hill." *Maryland's Hope,* by W. Jefferson Buchanan. Richmond, 1864. Letters of John Scott, of Fauquier, proposing constitutional reform in the Confederate Government. Richmond, 1864.

From Professor L. M. Blackford, Episcopal High-School: A volume of Confederate battle reports, including Generals Beauregard's and Johnston's reports of first Manassas, and a number of other reports of the first year of the war.

From Major I. Scheibert, of the Royal Prussian Engineers: The French edition of his work on the civil war in America. We are awaiting the promise of a competent soldier and critic to give us a review of this able book.